

AN ELEPHANT'S SKIN.

Thick as a Plank, but Can Be Grafted.

We have all heard of skin being grafted on to human beings, but of all wonderful surgical achievements that of grafting a square yard of skin on to an injured elephant is certainly the most wonderful on record. This latest triumph of animal surgery was performed on a circus elephant named Belle, which sustained a painful accident. Just as she was getting out of a railroad car it received a sudden jolt, owing to the brake failing to set properly. The elephant was thrown down and struck her shoulder heavily on a small iron cage that was standing near. The skin was partially torn off and generally lacerated over a space of quite one square yard in extent. Inflammation set in and was followed by considerable fever, and the elephant, which was the more valuable because she had a calf, was in grave danger of losing her life. The specialists decided that a wholesale operation in skin grafting was the only thing that would do the elephant any good, but an elephant's skin is as thick as a plank, so it was not an easy undertaking. The great operation was undertaken at the Menagerie hospital, and Belle's own son was the first elephant selected to supply new pieces of skin. The young animal's skin was peculiarly suitable for the purpose, as it is tender, yet healthy, and vigorous. Moreover, as he is growing, he will have plenty of new skin, and he will not miss a little portion at the present time. Belle was placed on the ground in the operating theater and secured with heavy chains to immovable posts. The wound

in her shoulder was carefully washed with the usual antiseptic fluids. At the same time an antiseptic spray was kept continually playing in the air. The new skin was taken from the young elephant in those places where he appears to have a great deal more than he needs. Cocaine was liberally applied where the cuts were to be made. A heavy knife was used to cut off the coarse outer part of the skin. Then a razor was employed to slice off the tender part that was to be transferred to the wounded elephant. This was taken off in strips about six inches long and one inch wide. The strips were pressed upon the wounded surface and held down by great bands of plaster. In exactly six days the new skin was found by the doctors to be firmly adhering to Belle's shoulder. Another elephant was then called in, and some pieces of his skin were removed in the manner already described. By this time the raw surface was so greatly reduced in size that Belle began to show signs of relief from her worst symptoms. Certain hopes of her recovery were entertained from that time. Every week a new elephant will be called upon to yield up some of his skin for the sake of his suffering sister. This will be continued until the wound is entirely covered with skin. The elephants make the sacrifice in a cheerful spirit, and it is calculated that fifteen will be required before matters are set right. It is confidently expected that this operation will prove an epoch-making triumph in the history of pachydermatous dermatology.—London Express.

A WIRELESS TORPEDO

English Submarine Destroyer Steered by Use of Marconi System.

For some time experiments have been carried out with a new torpedo invented by a young electrician, Mr. Cecil Varicas of Weymouth, England. The most salient characteristic of this new weapon is that its passage and course through the water can be directed and controlled either from the shore or the conning tower of a battle ship. As is well known, the course of the present Whitehead torpedo is maintained by a wonderfully complex appliance known as the gyroscope, fitted within the weapon. The cost of the Whitehead torpedo is about \$10,000, and although its destructive qualities are so tremendous, yet its chances of striking the target are very remote, especially if the object at which it is fired happens to be moving. If it should miss the target the projectile simply continues on its journey until its propelling force is exhausted, when it drifts at the mercy of the waves.

But the difficulty has, it is believed, at last been surmounted by the invention of Mr. Varicas. By means of his device the torpedo, while traveling at express speed through the water, and several hundreds of feet away from the point of discharge, without any wire or other connection, may be controlled as expeditiously and as easily as if an operator were on board to manipulate its diminutive rudder. How is this accomplished? Simply by means of wireless telegraphy.

Externally the torpedo is exactly the same as the Whitehead projectile. The dimensions are precisely the same, and the propeller is of equal caliber. The interior, however, is vastly different.

The explosive charge and the driving engines are placed in the same positions, but the gyroscope, the most expensive piece of mechanism, is dispensed with. In its place is substituted a delicate electrical apparatus for actuating the rudder.

The apparatus upon the shore or battleship for the transmission of the electrical waves to the traveling torpedo comprises a powerful induction coil and a small handwheel, reversible in either direction. This the officer manipulates in the same manner as the steering wheel of a vessel, the torpedo turning to the right or left, according to the movements of the wheel.

The celerity and facility with which the torpedo answers the movements of the helmsman, notwithstanding its distance from the transmitter, are remarkable.

It was dispatched straight out to sea, continuing in a straight line until it had traveled 200 yards, which point was the maximum range over which the other waves could be transmitted in this particular instance. It then simply circled round and round until its propelling power was exhausted. The range over which the other waves may be transmitted simply depends upon the intensity of the electric current, and since Marconi can establish communication over 30 miles, torpedoes might be manipulated at the same distance.

When the projectile enters the water from the tube a float is detached, and this serves the same purpose as Marconi's high mast.

Politeness Made to Pay

Courtesy Is the Best Policy and Gives Satisfaction

It pays to be polite even to the humblest of mortals. From a sordid standpoint courtesy is the best policy and besides the satisfaction one derives from its exercise is sufficient recompense in itself. Not infrequently an act of politeness serves as a magic key to unlock the doors that lead to fame and fortune. It is averred that one of the most eminent French statesmen of to-day, M. Delcasse, owes his brilliant career to a simple act of politeness to a lady. He began his working life as a very obscure and poorly paid school teacher, and won Gambetta's favor by the grace and courtesy with which he presented him with a hamper of Arige beans, of which the great statesman was very fond. This somewhat prosaic incident was the first turning point in young Delcasse's fortune. Gambetta invited him to dinner and was so pleased with his intelligence that he procured for him the post of private secretary to a very wealthy deputy. One day when the secretary was traveling by train with the deputy and his wife he observed that the lady was much annoyed by

an illbred passenger who persisted in smoking in her presence. M. Delcasse's action was characteristically prompt. Without a word he seized the man's cigar and threw it out of the window. For this act of courtesy the lady, when her husband died shortly after, rewarded M. Delcasse with her hand and with the fortune that has made his brilliant career possible. One of the leading advocates at the French bar owes his present position to a similar act of gallantry. In the early '80's, when he was a young clerk in Paris, "passing rich" on the equivalent of \$200 a year, he was traveling from Orleans to Paris when he heard screams proceeding from an adjoining compartment. Opening the door, he proceeded along the footboard to the compartment from which the sounds proceeded and saw a young lady struggling in the grasp of a powerful and well dressed ruffian. Springing into the compartment, Maitre M— seized the rascal, and, after a brief struggle, plucked him to the floor of the carriage, where he held him until the train stopped and he could be given into custody.—Chicago Chronicle.

THE VALUE OF PAIN.

Della Attention to the Fact That Disease Exists.

Pain is not disease; it is a symptom calling attention to the fact that disease exists. We do not remove the disease by stopping the pain. Headaches usually arise from disturbances in digestion, due to overeating, eating freely of soft foods, making bad combinations of foods, too much of a variety at meals, etc. Fermentation and decay of the foods with the formation of poisons and irritants result. The danger is reported at headquarters. The thing to do is to heed the voice of the faithful sentinel, assist nature to get rid of the impurities generated, either by washing out the stomach, drinking freely of water, fasting for a day, by vigorous exercise or eliminative baths. Recognize in the pain the voice of a friend calling attention to the fact that we have done wrong, and resolve never to violate the laws of health on this point again. In a day or so the transgressor would feel well and would be able to keep from getting into the same or a worse condition by avoiding the causes. This is not the way these symptoms are usually treated. Pain is looked upon as an enemy, not as the voice of a friend. The sick one goes to a physician and demands something that will stupefy or paralyze the nerves—the pain must stop at once. He is given an opiate, the pain stops; the food still keeps on decaying in the stomach; he imagines he is well. The disease still exists; the symptom alone has been removed. The faithful sentinel has been knocked down. The means of telegraphic communications to headquarters has been severed. The enemy has his own way and is able to go ahead undisturbed in his destructive work. The watchers are asleep under an anesthetic or opiate. The enemy enters the camp. Poisons that are generated in the stomach through errors in diet, overwork and irritate liver, the lungs and kidneys, through which they are eliminated, and finally result in Bright's disease; or the lungs being weakened, are not able to resist the germs of the disease that are inhaled. He falls a victim to tuberculosis and is now in a serious if not an incurable condition. The only safe way is to study the human body and become familiar with the laws upon which health, happiness and life depend. Prevent pains, woe and sickness by avoiding their causes.—Life and Health.

To Keep Beauty.

American women, who are famous for their cooking, eat too much, declares a foreign critic. They prepare dishes so tempting that they are their own victims. In youth women care more for impalpable things, for the ambitions and the aspirations that lead them on to all sorts of endeavor, but when they cease to have the spur that impels toward daily striving for the fulfillment of some dream they find solace in eating. This fact was emphasized the other day when a woman who twenty years ago was a famous belle, was telling one of her friends of the sorrows and disappointments that had embittered her life. The friend glanced at the woman, who weighed at least 200, and said she appeared to be very well. "Yes," was the answer, "I have fallen into the habit of eating to distract my attention from my troubles." Eating as a pastime is always a dangerous experiment. The woman who would be always beautiful must be abstemious. She must be able to leave the table feeling just a little hungry. She must adhere to a sensible diet, and she must observe the most severe rules about regular meals. It is as important that she should be temperate in candy and ice cream sodas as it is that she should cultivate a youthful spirit.

German with a Brogue.

Of late many German boys go to Ireland to learn the language and acquire at the same time the Irish middle class opinion of England, which they propagate on their return to their native land. Perhaps, says the Outlook, that is one of the sources of German dislike for the Englishman. Another thing that the German boy acquires in Ireland is a rich and varied brogue, and one of the most amusing things one hears in Germany is the waiter who speaks German-Irish-English. A music hall comedian who could adequately imitate this combination, as I have frequently heard it says a London writer, would certainly make his fortune. Next to this in ludicrousness is the cockney English of many porters and waiters—learned, I have no doubt, within the sound of the Bow Bells. This, in an inverse way, is something like the experience the Americans have when they first go to the West India Islands, formerly owned by Spain, and find that the negroes there cannot speak English.

Occasionally a man is so great that he is missed for nearly a week after his death.

The hare may be cowardly, yet he usually dies game.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN.

JOHN BARRETT, FORMER MINISTER TO SIAM.

He Has Lately Been Appointed Assistant Commissioner for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition—His Good Work at Bangkok.

John Barrett, former United States Minister to Siam, and who has recently been appointed Commissioner General to Asia, Australia and the Philippines for the coming St. Louis exposition, has enjoyed a career of singularly rich and varied experience for a man who has not arrived at the thirty-fifth anniversary of his birthday. When President Cleveland appointed him minister to Siam he was only twenty-seven years of age, the youngest fully accredited envoy who ever represented America at a foreign court. Before that distinction was conferred upon him he had been a reporter, a college professor, an editor and a world-wide traveler.

Mr. Barrett is tall, has a resonant voice, is quick and decisive in manner, and has an air of great force. His face, though full of character, is boyish, and he wears neither beard nor mustache. When he arrived at Bangkok, prepared to press the then pending Cheek claim of \$1,000,000 against the Siam government, older ministers from European nations gave him advice. "You must meet the Asiatics with their own adroit methods," said one. "Outspoken Anglo-Saxon negotiations won't go."

"If truth is unknown at council-tables of Kings in the far East, let me have the honor to introduce it," was the rejoinder.

Laughter convulsed the other diplomats when the news was received of the minister's "hard-headed manifesto," but he won the American claim, secured the first interpretation of Amer-



JOHN BARRETT.

ican extra-territorial rights in Asia, and was summoned to a banquet by the king.

Mr. Barrett regards King Khouloulongkorn as the greatest figure in Asia. He is intensely up-to-date. His palace, says Mr. Barrett, is as modern as the best Fifth Avenue mansion. Phonographs sing him American popular songs. Under electric light he reads English and American magazines and books. He is an admirer of Kipling, whom he entertained familiarly in his palace. He speaks English and the Continental languages with ease and accuracy.

One day at a state dinner given to the foreign envoys, the king said to Mr. Barrett:

"My son, the crown prince, is studying American ways and institutions, and I should like to know whether you would recommend De Tocqueville or Bryce for a beginner."

A salutation of respect in China, says Mr. Barrett, is to comment on the mature and even venerable appearance of one's guest. When the Minister to Siam called officially on Li Hung Chang he was accompanied by a prominent missionary, a man eighty years of age, with white hair and beard, who was to serve as an interpreter. Unknown to Mr. Barrett, the missionary and the Chinaman had had a falling out some years before. Li came into the room, saluted Mr. Barrett cordially, and bowed stiffly to the patriarchal interpreter. To the youthful minister the premier said:

"I congratulate you, sir, on your venerable men!" and then, nodding toward the octogenarian, he asked: "And is this your son?"

Hustlers and Non-Hustlers.

"I tell you," the sprightly passenger in the pepper-and-salt suit was saying, "there is nothing like get up and hustle. I hustle. If business doesn't come to me I go out and hunt it. Yesterday I made nearly \$11 repairing sewing machines. Had six jobs I can afford to take a holiday once in a while." "Well," slowly replied the passenger in the suit of sombre black, "I'm not so good on the hustle. I've had only one job in the last six months." "That's too bad," returned the other sympathizingly. "What's your occupation?" "Building lighthouses."—Chicago Tribune.

POOR WOMEN IN SOCIETY.

Their Ruinous Attempts to Vie with Richer Associates.

Many a woman of moderate means has come to grief in polite society as a result of her efforts to make a showing and to entertain on a beggarly income. "It is a great mistake," remarked an impecunious society woman, "for poor people like myself to try to return civilities. It is far better to say frankly you cannot afford to entertain and take the goods the gods (in shape of your richer friends) provide, without any question of reciprocal exchange, than to try to make an adequate return. As long as you give nothing nothing is expected and no one is offended, but the moment you attempt the smallest and simplest kind of a function you get yourself in hot water because there are so many that you ought to ask and so few that you are able to have."

"I shall never forget the winter when I tried to have a few informal dinners. I offended any number of old friends and pleased no one, for upon those who were invited and came my little two-penny dinners made no impression whatever, while to those whom I was obliged to leave out they assumed large proportions entirely out of keeping with their modest pretensions, so that I found at the end of the season that I had distinctly injured instead of helped my social position. The dinners themselves were a great effort, as I was obliged to attend to every detail myself and at an expense that I could ill afford, while they were, as I said, not in the least appreciated by those who were invited and came. So now I have learned wisdom by experience. I always have a hot cup of tea ready for any friend who happens to drop in, but beyond that I do nothing. I am asked about more than ever and I have the satisfaction of knowing that it is entirely for myself that I am wanted and not for what I can give."

PIANO-TUNER'S TROUBLES.

What He Found in the Instrument of a Particular Housewife.

"There are housewives and housewives, no question about that," said the communicative piano tuner. "The other day I went to a spunk-and-spar house uptown. The woman was one of the kind that prides herself on doing her own work. She paused a moment to polish the bell handle, on which I had thoughtlessly imprinted a thumbmark, before allowing me to pass in, and even then she instructed me to be particular in wiping my feet and scowled at me because I set my bag of tools on the polished oak seal of the hall rack. I noticed that she stooped to pick up a bit of thread on the parlor carpet, as I walked toward the piano, and I kind of knew what to expect. You ought to have seen the inside of that piano! I had no more than lifted the lid when off I went into a fit of sneezing. The dust was thick in there, and no mistake. I scraped around in it awhile, trying to locate the mechanism, and then I said: 'Madam, I am sorry to trouble you, but I shall need a dustpan and brush.' She pretended to be indignant at first, but she colored up like fire, brought me the dustpan and brush and helped me use it. We found all sorts of curiosities in that piano," continued the piano-tuner, according to the Philadelphia Record. "Spiders' webs, spiders, several defunct cockroaches, and one dead fly, but when we came across the relics of a mouse's nest the woman's equanimity failed her. She marched out of the parlor and didn't bother me any more until I was ready to go. Meet such cases often? Oh, yes; every once in a while."

A Missouri Minister's Theory.

The meeting of the presbytery of Kansas City was formally opened with a sermon by Rev. A. D. Madeira, D. D., of Independence, says the Kansas City Journal. He chose for his text Revelation xxi. 5: "Behold, I will make all things new." "The Rev. Mr. Madeira contended that man has been deteriorating mentally, morally, and physically, since the creation, and that he is now farther from a state of moral perfection than ever. 'Human civilization is describing a descending scale,' he said, in part. 'Man is just as wicked today as he was in the days of barbarism. He is just as bloodthirsty now as he was then. The only difference apparent is that now, in these days of civilization, he is a polished assassin instead of a proclaimed barbarian.' He illustrated his argument that man is deteriorating mentally by imploring his hearers to note the fact that every great man, from the statesman to the poet, that the world knows, was a being of the past. He compared the morality of past ages to the present in illustrating his statement that man is becoming more and more degraded as the human race lives. 'We are living in the last stage of the world's existence,' he said. 'Man will grow so wicked that God will not be able to stand his sinning longer and will destroy the world. God will then make his children white as snow by making all things anew.'"